

"I moved temporarily into *Hobble Creek Canyon*, six miles from Springville, having taken up about 80 acres of land there. For company I shared the land with Levi Callaway and he moved there with me, where we spent the summer working jointly, cultivating what land we could clear and kept a herd also. Lost all the crops by the lawlessness of wicked men turning their stock into our field and by the frost, which came uncommonly early. We did save potatoes enough for the winter and twelve bushels of wheat. In September we moved our families down out of the canyon. Bears were so plentiful we deemed it unsafe to remain."

For the next fifteen years the Indians were such a menace to the settlers that no one ventured to make a permanent home in Hobble Creek Canyon. Claims had been taken up as early as 1857 and 1858, but it was not until the spring of 1876 that the claims were relocated and homes again began to be established.

In March, 1879, Erastus Z. Clark bought a ranch owned by F. C. Boyer. At first he rented the ground, but later bought the property and moved his family there. Other early settlers at Oakland, as it was called, were: William Gallup, Charles J. Johnson, Alpheus Curtis, O. H. Mower, J. T. Barker, Royal Clements, Watson Houtz, Moroni Fuller, Lorenzo Whiting, Arthur C. Whiting, and their mother, Mrs. Mary Whiting, Henry Curtis, Edwin Johnson and the Crandall brothers, Milan and Myron. Cyrus Sanford and Joseph Kelley and their families settled farther down the canyon at the junction of the right and left forks. Oakland became a thriving community.

About 1894 a branch of the Latter-day Saint Church was organized with William Gallup as presiding elder. There was a Sunday School and other church auxiliaries. There were twenty-five families living there at one time with one hundred and seventy-five church members. A large one-room log house answered for church meetings, school, dances, and other public gatherings.

*William Wordsworth*, my great-grandfather, came to the place later called Springville, in 1849 with Parley P. Pratt's exploring expedition. Soon after his return to Salt Lake he was called to go to Mountainville in *American Fork Canyon* to help settle that community. This is the place now known as Alpine, the smallest incorporated city in the United States. It was first settled in the fall of 1850 by ten or twelve families who wintered there and during that period all members of the Church held meetings in the home of William Wordsworth. In the spring of 1851, some of the families moved on to other settlements but the families who remained planted crops and realized a good harvest. New settlers came in from time to time during the spring and summer months. On December 3, 1851 a meeting was held in the home of Mr. Wordsworth relative to

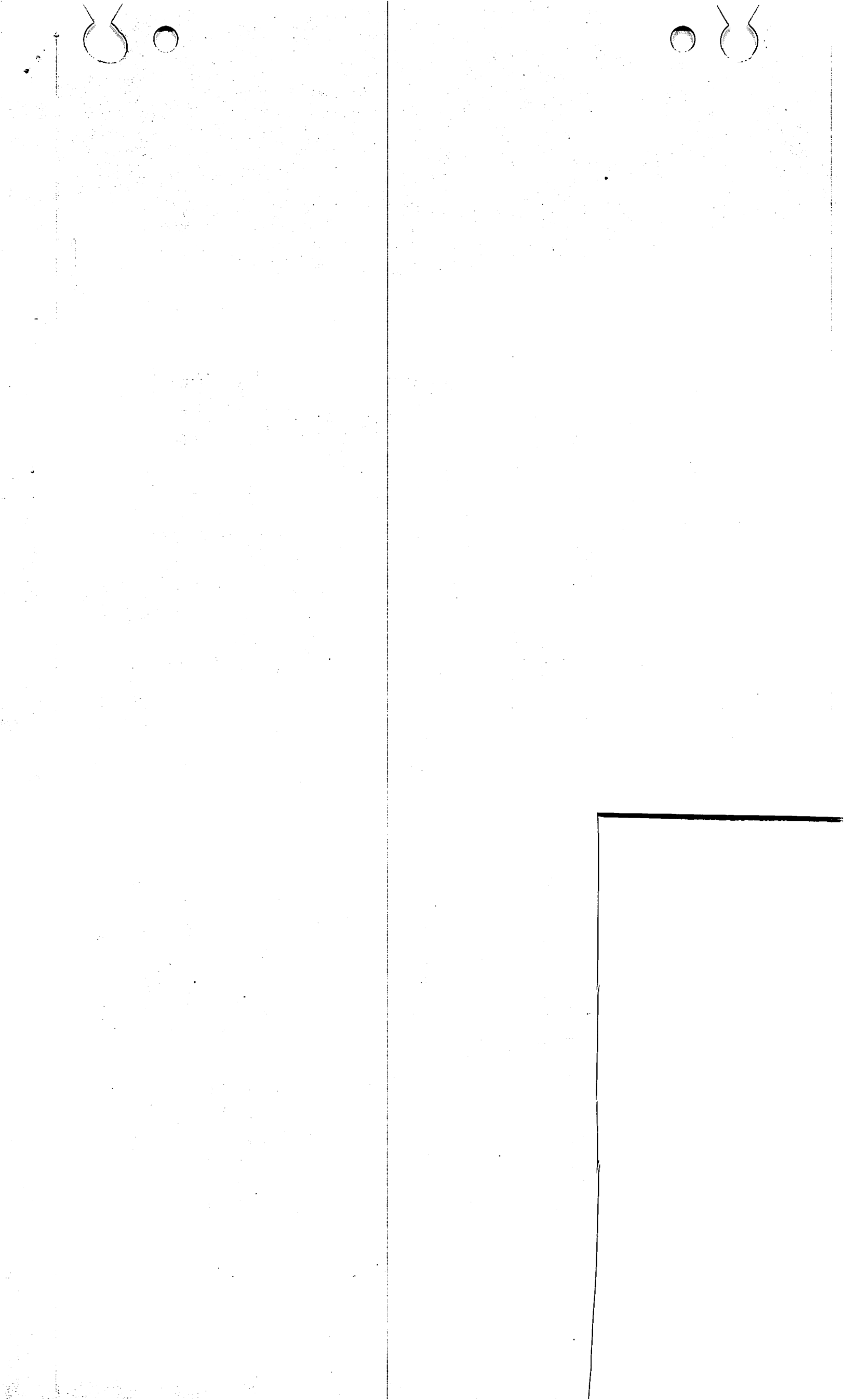
building a meetinghouse and schoolhouse which would take care of all public gatherings. A building committee was appointed and work was started at once on a small log structure. It was finished on January 1, 1852 and stands one-half mile north of the present meeting house in Alpine.

William was called to go on another mission to southern Utah and into Las Vegas, Nevada. On his return trip he stopped again at the place he had explored in 1849 and was very much impressed with its natural beauty. In 1858 he came to make his home in Springville and settled on ground that is now known as Kelley's Grove. He made a road up the left hand fork of Springville, then laid out a large tract of land right along the road. He opened up the canyon and dug ditches so that he could get water to his land; secured timber and had it sawed at Solomon Chase & Sons sawmill. He built a home using lumber from this canyon which was named *Wordsworth Canyon* after him.

On one occasion, preceding a 24th of July celebration when the residents of Springville were not cooperating very actively in the event, William remembered a meeting with James Bridger while they were encamped on the Little Sandy. Mr. Bridger had given them a most disheartening report of conditions in Utah concerning the growing of crops. William thought of the many blessings the Saints were now enjoying. He walked out to his beautiful corn patch, broke off an arm load of cobs, and started down the road. In his loud, clear voice he called out, "Hear ye! Hear ye!, this is the 24th of July." Men, women and children followed him and when he arrived at the City Park he delivered a patriotic speech that stirred the hearts of the people.

William Shin Wordsworth served as road supervisor of Springville for 15 years. He held the office of mayor in our municipality and also that of alderman. He died at Springville January 18, 1888.

—Donna A. Whiting



The bridge across the Snake river was a toll bridge built by a Salt Lake company. At the same time they built an irrigation ditch in this area. To build a bridge in those days, the company had to have a charter approved by the state legislature, which also set the toll rate. Later the bridge was sold to Bingham County and a group of farmers bought the irrigation ditch, forming the first ditch company here. In the winter the river would freeze over and the people would go over the ice because they could not afford to pay toll.

—E. A. Doud.

#### UPPER SNAKE RIVER FERRY NEAR HEISE HOT SPRINGS

Thomas Morgan, a pioneer, who crossed the plans in the Milo Andrus Company, arrived in Utah in 1855. He was born in Herefordshire, England, March 25, 1808. He came to the Snake River Valley in 1891, and when he was nearly 99 years old he purchased the Upper Ferry, the first ferry across the South Fork of Snake river near Heise Hot Springs, and successfully operated it personally for five years. He ran it with a cable by hand. He lived, during that time, in a one-room house on the river bank. Night or day when a call would come he would hasten from his home to the ferry to get the party across the river.

He died when he was 107 years, 3 months, and 11 days old, on July 6, 1915.

Mr. Morgan had sold to George Drake and later a Mrs. Springer owned and operated the ferry, then Burt Harrington, and later a Frank Smith.

Mr. Smith sold the ferry to Ezra Rapp, who operated it until the Bertha Gavin bridge was made over Snake river, which was dedicated August 12, 1938, and did away with this upper ferry. The price per car or vehicle for crossing the ferry was 25c one way.

A lower ferry was built several years after this upper ferry and was owned and operated for years by Mr. M. Eugene Holt. This ferry was abandoned after the bridge was built.

—Lorena Brown Foster.

#### A LEE'S FERRY STORY

A true story that reads like a melodrama of the old days, comes from Mildred P. Morgan and Vilate O. Pearce who refer to some old records concerning a ferry across the Colorado in Arizona. The ferry, they say, was "called 'Lee's Ferry' after Mr. and Mrs. Lee who lived there and maintained the ferry. One day Mr. Lee went to the nearest white settlement for provisions, also to sell hides. On the way he met a band of Indians. The Indians decided to proceed to Mr. Lee's ranch and drive off his cattle and sheep while he was away and there was no one to protect them. They planned to kill Mrs. Lee and the children so there would be no one to identify who stole them. Mrs. Lee learned of their intentions when she went to the Indians' camp to get her children who were playing there. She understood their language. The Indians had pitched their camp between her home and the river. She was terribly frightened but tried to

calm herself to plan an escape, but the Indians were too close and could see every move. Finally in her extremity she prayed God for help. Then the thought came to her to make a bed for herself and children in the Indian camp. She toyed with this idea for some time. It surely looked like suicide, just making it easier for them to commit the deed, but the thought kept coming to her. So when dusk came, she gave each of her children part of the bedding and she accompanied them, carrying more bedding, which she spread in the Indians' camp. Then she put her children and herself to bed, shutting her eyes as if asleep, while the Indians discussed and argued about how and when to take her life. They kept peering at her and remarking how brave she was to sleep in an enemy camp. Some of the braves wanted to let her live as they said she was too brave a squaw to die. Dawn finally came. Mrs. Lee arose and gathered up her bedding and went home. The leader of the Indians soon followed and told her how they planned to kill her and the children, but she was too brave to die—such a brave woman deserved to live. Some of Mrs. Lee's descendants still live in St. Johns, Thatcher, and other towns in Arizona."

THE KNAVE.

—From Oakland Tribune.

#### IN NEVADA

In the late fifties, after the difficulties between the Mormons and the government were settled, harassed travelers found a United States Indian agent in Genoa, Nevada. Widows and orphans from Indian massacres were placed in his charge to be returned to their homes when opportunity afforded. Just beyond the town the enormous flow of hot water from what is now Walley's Springs called for comment, as did also the forks of the Carson river plainly traceable on the valley floor by their thick margin of green willows. The West Fork was the important one, and the wagons angled to meet it at its unimpressive exit from the mountain canyons. To pay road expenses over the rollicking, rocky little stream the Mormons built toll bridges, which the Indians burned. More were built and for a while the Mormons, afraid to stay so far from the settlement, tried somewhat unsuccessfully to collect their toll in advance in Genoa. In September, 1852, an imposter preempted the first bridge and boldly charged five dollars a wagon. It was directly over the only possible ford, and many indignant travelers (including John Clark) paid the money.

About the middle of the month, Col. L. A. Norton declined to pay the exorbitant toll, backing his refusal with a gun. The jubilant emigrants whose turn came next refused also, and some packers passing on their way east carried word down the line. Not another soul paid a cent, and the next day the disgruntled man burned the bridge and took himself off. It would probably take a patient and able-bodied historian years of his life to dig out all the facts about these repetitious toll bridges. It was a case of now you see them and now you don't.

—The Wake of the Prairie Schooner,  
Irene D. Paden.



Toll Road—During the year of 1863 the travel by stage coach from Salt Lake City through Virginia City and on to San Francisco was considered the most comfortable stage coach line of the West. Travelers on horseback enjoyed well beaten roads and freighters found no great difficulty in delivering their goods on schedule. This was largely due to well graded toll roads at needed places on the highways between those cities. The toll received by the builders of the roads amountd to six hundred thousand dollars during one year of the heaviest traffic. To keep the road hard and in repair, as well as to allay the fearful dust that would otherwise have made the ride a trial rather than a pleasure, 150 miles were kept watered by immense sprinkling wagons, during the long, dry summer.

Stages were drawn by six fleet horses, changed about every ten miles, without the driver even leaving his seat. Freighters often used six draft horses on a heavy load. Hundreds of hoofs pounded the road, wheels cut deep ruts. At times clouds of dust almost hid the travelers. Expensive as sprinkling was, it was found to be the cheapest way of keeping the road in repair. The toll system was the simplest and most satisfactory means of paying the cost.

—Leona G. Holbrook.

#### THE OLD TOLL ROAD

In the early days of Dixie and vicinity, there was a very heavy piece of sand which was on the other side of Leeds and went as far as Grapevine Springs. It was almost impossible to pull heavy loads over it, so a Mr. Kuhn decided to make a Toll Road there and he and his family, who were living at Grapevine Springs, would keep it up in good traveling condition.

At first he would cover the road with brush which was cut nearby, then cover it with straw, or some other coarse material, which did very well for a short time, but it was not long before the sand would cover them (the brush and coverings) all up, and it was difficult to get over the road again. He finally decided to go to the hills and cut small cedar boughs from the trees and place them close together for a foundation for the road and then put the covering over them, which proved to be more lasting. At each end of the road was the toll gate, which would be opened after the fee of twenty-five cents (and later fifty cents) was paid to the keeper of the gate.

Sometimes the freighters would not want to pay the price in cash, so they would give the value or price of the trip across the toll road in produce which they were hauling. They would fill their camp kettle with either potatoes or onions or other things which they had, then empty them in the sand and let the keeper pick them up.

Often some of the freighters would think that they could make it through the sand as they did not have the price to pay for the use of the road, but before they had gone very far, they were willing to turn back and make some arrangements with the keeper to travel over the road, as the sand was too much for them.

—Ella J. Seegmiller.

## WESTERN FOLKLORE

Someone has said that a folk story or song is "something people tell or sing and it sticks." It might be a story told and retold; a song so well loved that it has outlived the generation who first chanted its notes. Western America has so many that we include another chapter of Folk Stories and Songs.

One of the principal kinds of folklore comes from the history told us by our pioneers which carries with it something of the supernatural. It must be remembered that the Mormon pioneers were dependent upon the Supreme Power for aid, then, when that which they needed was received, they naturally gave thanks in prayer and song. They had no need to create stories, for each day they lived facts that through the more than one hundred years of telling have become glorified folk tales.

Of course, there are always the stories of the trappers that have been told and retold, and incidents of the trail where men related weird tales as they traveled or camped. Freedom, loneliness, high mountains, vast plains, and strange echoes all gave their color to the creation of legends and tall tales.

Some of the stories and songs have the flavor of a fun-loving people; the customs they lived by, as well as the traditions they cherished. All were oftentimes the subject of their jokes. The funny happenings of the day were ever green in their memories. They talked about them, told the stories over and over, until much of our Western folklore has a glimmer of humor.

Folk songs and old ballads, both of which may be classed as songs that tell stories, reveal a phase of pioneer life that must be recorded. The pioneers were a singing people. Songs they composed as well as folk songs of their native lands were close to their hearts. The making of rhymes and the singing of songs lifted their spirits and filled a great need in the building of a commonwealth.

#### THE TRAILS WEST

Along the trails that led to the last American frontier, thousands of travelers, rugged men, trappers, explorers, missionaries, and then the